MARVEL Comics

THE COSMIC AVENGER!

QUASAR™

IN THE CLUTCHES OF MODAM THE MIND MARAUDER!

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POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO QUASAR, c/o MARVEL COMICS, 9TH FLOOR, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.

A DIRECT HIT!

AND NOTHING TOUCHES DAD AND EON EXCEPT MICROMETEORITE *DUST!*

MAKES ME KINDA WISH THERE WAS *SOUND* IN SPACE, THOUGH. WOULD'VE BEEN MORE DRAMATIC.

SO WHAT'D YOU THINK?

COULDN'T YOU THINK OF A LESS OSTENTATIOUS MANNER OF DEFLECTING THAT METEOR?

SURE. BUT WHAT'S THE SENSE OF BEING ABLE TO CREATE THINGS OUT OF PHOTONS AND WHATNOT IF YOU CAN'T HAVE *FUN* NOW AND THEN?

'SIDES, IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE I PLAYED *BASEBALL*. I WANTED TO SEE IF I STILL STANK AT IT.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

WELL, DAD, 'THOUGH I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO WORK ON HONING MY POWERS OF CREATIVE VISUALIZATION ALL DAY, I'VE GOT SOME PRESSING BUSINESS BACK ON EARTH.

AND YOU TWO WERE GOING TO WORK ON DOPING OUT THE NATURE OF THAT COSMIC HICCUP THAT OCCURRED WHILE I WAS IN HYPERSPACE, RIGHT? *

*A REFERENCE TO BOTH AVENGERS #314 AND QUASAR #7.

BEING UP HERE IS SO... AWE-INSPIRING. NEVER HAD I IMAGINED THAT A MAN MY AGE WOULD BE ABLE TO EXPERIENCE FIRST-HAND THE SPLENDOR OF SPACE!

I HADN'T IMAGINED I'D BE FRIENDS WITH AN OMNISCIENT EXTRATERRESTRIAL EITHER. OR HAVE MY SON, THE UNDERACHIEVER, APPOINTED A COSMIC CHAMPION.

IS IT USUAL FOR YOU TO INTERACT SO CLOSELY WITH YOUR APPOINTEE AND HIS KIN?

NOT AT ALL. BUT DUE TO THE IMPENDING THREAT TO MY EXISTENCE, I HAVE BEEN OBLIGED TO SITUATE MYSELF CLOSER TO THIS PROTECTOR OF THE UNIVERSE THAN ANY OTHER IN THE PAST TWENTY MILLENNIA.

HAD I KNOWN THE REWARDS TO BE FOUND IN SUCH AN ASSOCIATION PARTICULARLY IN REGARDS TO MY PROTECTOR'S PROGENITOR, I WOULD HAVE SOUGHT OUT SUCH A RELATIONSHIP EPOCHS AGO. LIVE AND LEARN, EH, GILBERT?

DESPITE THE VAST DIFFERENCES BETWEEN US, EON, I FEEL LIKE WE'RE TWO OF A KIND.

MAN, WILL YOU LISTEN TO THAT? MY COLD-SHOULDERED FATHER RELATING TO THAT MOSSY COSMIC MADBALL BETTER THAN HE DOES TO ME!

GUESS THAT'S WHAT REALLY HONKS ME OFF ABOUT THEIR BEING SO CHUMMY. I FEEL LEFT OUT... EVEN THOUGH IF NOT FOR ME, THERE'D BE NO CONNECTION BETWEEN THOSE TWO AT ALL!

BETTER STOP LETTING THAT GET TO ME. I'VE GOT TO BE UP FOR THE PRESENTATION I'M MAKING THIS AFTERNOON...

BOCA CALIENTE... A TINY CARIBBEAN ISLAND SOUTHWEST OF JAMAICA, WHOSE ECONOMY ONCE DEPENDED ON TOURISM.

THAT WAS BEFORE THE ADVANCED IDEA MECHANICS CAME IN AND MADE ITS GOVERNORS AN OFFER THEY COULDN'T REFUSE.

TODAY, AT AIM'S NEWLY-BUILT CONVENTION CENTER, AN HISTORIC MEETING IS TAKING PLACE...

I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU ALL FOR TAKING THE TIME FROM YOUR BUSY SCHEDULES TO ATTEND THIS, AIM'S FIRST INTERNATIONAL WEAPONS EXPOSITION. I AM CONFIDENT YOU WILL FIND IT WORTH YOUR WHILE.

MY NAME IS ALESSANDRO BRANNEX, AND I'M AIM'S NEWLY APPOINTED CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD...

BEFORE WE BEGIN OUR OFFICIAL TOUR AND AUCTION, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THE NEW AIM. BEAR WITH ME, I'LL TRY TO KEEP IT SHORT AND PAINLESS...

IN RECENT MONTHS, OUR EXECUTIVE BOARD CAME TO A STUNNING CONCLUSION. WE REALIZED THAT OUR ORGANIZATION SIMPLY DOESN'T HAVE THE MANPOWER, THE MONEY, OR THE RESOURCES TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD!

IN LIGHT OF THIS, WE DECIDED TO DRASTICALLY SHIFT OUR ORGANIZATION'S FOCUS. WE HAVE TOTALLY ABANDONED OUR POLITICAL AGENDA. WE HAVE DEMOBILIZED OUR ENTIRE PARA-MILITARY FORCE. WE HAVE RECHANNELED OUR RESOURCES.

AIM-3

WE ARE NO LONGER INTERESTED IN *COMPETING* WITH THE REST OF THE FINE ORGANIZATIONS THAT YOU PEOPLE REPRESENT FOR A *SLICE* OF THE WORLD'S *POWER PIE*. INSTEAD, WE WANT TO WORK *WITH* YOU.

OUR NEW GOAL IS SIMPLY TO BECOME THE EXOTIC *ARMS AND TECHNOLOGY SUPPLIERS* OF THE WORLD. WE *BUILD* THE WEAPONS, YOU *USE* THEM. WE WILL ACCEPT *CONTRACTS* FROM ANY ACCREDITED SUBVERSIVE, TERRORIST, OR CRIMINAL GROUP.

WHEN YOU NEED A *DEATH RAY* BUILT TO ORDER, CALL US. WHEN YOU NEED AN ASSAULT *ROBOT* CALL US. WHEN YOU NEED A FLEET OF *HOVERCRAFTS*, CALL US.

THOUGH OUR *PARAMILITIA* WAS NEVER IN THE SAME LEAGUE AS ANY OF YOURS, OUR DESIGNERS, TECHNICIANS, AND MANUFACTURERS ARE NOW AND HAVE ALWAYS BEEN THE *BEST ON EARTH*. ALL OUR WORK COMES WITH A MONEY-BACK *GUARANTEE!*

ARMAMENTS, CYBERNETICS FORCEFIELDS, VEHICLES, BODY ARMOR, YOU *NAME* IT--WE *BUILD* IT. NO JOB IS TOO *BIG* FOR US, NO JOB IS TOO *DIFFICULT*.

NOW IF THERE ARE ANY QUESTIONS... YES, *MADAME MASQUE*?

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO YOUR LEADER, *MODOK*?

WE HAD TO...*RETIRE* HIM WHEN HE OUTLIVED HIS *USEFULNESS* TO OUR ORGANIZATION.

"RETIRE"--*HA!* THEY HAD THE *SERPENT SOCIETY* HUNT HIM DOWN AND *TERMINATE* HIM.

BUT LET ME TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO INTRODUCE TO YOU THE *NEXT* GENERATION IN M.O. TECHNOLOGY--*MODAM:* THE *M*OBILE *O*RGANISM *D*ESIGNED FOR *A*GGRESSIVE *M*ANEUVERS.

CARE TO TELL OUR DISTINGUISHED GUESTS A LITTLE SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF?

AS MR. BRANNEX STATED, I AM THE LATEST PRODUCT OF OUR BIOMECHANICAL RESEARCH. I AM FULLY EQUIPPED WITH A JET-ASSISTED *HOVER CHAIR*, TELESCOPING TITANIUM-STEEL *ARMS*, A LASER-GUIDED *PLASMA CANNON*, AND *ENERGON SCREENS*.

FURTHERMORE, MY ENHANCED CRANIUM CONTAINS A TEN THOUSAND MEGABYTE *COMPUTER* AS WELL AS A 100 METER RANGE *SYNAPTIC-DISRUPTOR* GENERATOR.

MODAM WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE FOR CERTAIN *SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS*.

IF *HUMPTY DUMPTY* IS THROUGH PLAYIN' SHOW 'N' TELL, I GOT A *QUESTION*. YOU GOT ANY *COSMIC CUBES* HERE FOR SALE OR ARE WE ALL WASTIN' OUR TIME?

THE CUBE...WAS SOMETHING OF AN *IRREPRODUCEABLE ITEM*, MR. *CROSSBONES* BUT WE ARE WORKING ON THEM.

DOES ANYONE *ELSE* HAVE ANY SUGGESTIONS ON WHERE WE SHOULD CONCENTRATE OUR *RESEARCH EFFORTS*?

AND, AFTER THE PRESENTATION CONCLUDES...

IF YOU'LL ALL KINDLY FOLLOW ME, I'LL SHOW YOU OUR *REFRESHMENT AREA*.

BETTER HAVE SOME *COLD BREWS*, BABE.

MR. BRANNEX, IF WE MIGHT *SPEAK* TO YOU A MOMENT...

CERTAINLY.

I'M *DR. MINERVA* AND THIS IS MY ASSOCIATE, *MR. ATLAS*. WE'RE WITH *XENOTECH*, A RELATIVELY NEW FIRM.

WE UNDERSTAND THAT YOU PEOPLE KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE *QUANTUM-BANDS* WORN BY THAT NEW AVENGER, *QUASAR*.

NOT MUCH, I'M AFRAID. A PREVIOUS ADMINISTRATION MADE AN ATTEMPT TO *CONFISCATE* THEM ONCE BUT IT REGRETTABLY *FAILED*.*

*BACK IN ISSUE #1.

WE WISH TO ACQUIRE *WORKING REPLICAS* OF SAID BANDS. IF YOU THINK YOUR TECHNICIANS ARE *UP* TO THE TASK, WE ARE WILLING TO PAY YOU *100 MILLION DOLLARS* PER BRACELET.

WE BROUGHT ALONG OUR *DOWN PAYMENT*.

I... WILL TAKE THE MATTER UP WITH THE *REST* OF THE BOARD. HAVE A LOOK AROUND. I WILL *CONSULT* WITH THEM AND GET BACK TO YOU WITHIN THE *HOUR*.

I AM UNFAMILIAR WITH THAT PAIR'S *CREDENTIALS*.

I BELIEVE THEY ARE THE TWO THE BIOSCANNERS DETERMINED WERE *EXTRATERRESTRIAL*.

OUR PROMOTIONS DEPARTMENT CERTAINLY MADE A *THOROUGH CANVASSING* OF POTENTIAL CLIENTS.

THE QUESTION IS SHOULD WE *ACCEPT* THE CONTRACT?

I WAS AROUND DURING *OPERATION: GOLDEN APPLES*. IF MEMORY SERVES, THE QUANTUM-BANDS ARE ALIEN ARTIFACTS OF *INCALCULABLE POWER*.

AS *GOOD* AS OUR PEOPLE ARE, I THINK THEY'D BE *HARD-PRESSED* TO *REPLICATE* THOSE THINGS.

BUT A COMMISSION SUCH AS THIS WOULD NOT ONLY GO A LONG WAY TO HELP US OUT OF OUR CURRENT *FISCAL CRISIS*...

...IT WOULD ALSO GIVE OUR REVAMPED ORGANIZATION A LOT OF *CREDIBILITY* IN THE EYES OF THE COMMUNITY.

I HAVE AN IDEA. PERHAPS WE NEED NOT *REPLICATE* THOSE ENERGY-BANDS AT ALL.

WHAT IF WE WERE TO SIMPLY ACQUIRE THE *ORIGINALS*--AND *SELL* THEM TO THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS?

HMMM, WE WOULD NEED THE ORIGINALS TO *EXAMINE* WERE WE TO ATTEMPT TO DUPLICATE THEM ANYWAY. THE QUESTION IS HOW DO WE *GO ABOUT* ACQUIRING THEM?

WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A GOOD *BAPTISM OF FIRE* FOR *MODAM*, HAVE WE NOT?

*MEANWHILE, IN NEW YORK CITY, THE **POSSESSOR** OF THE BRACELETS UNDER DISCUSSION IS ENGAGED IN A **BUSINESS MEETING** OF HIS OWN...*

--WHICH, WHEN YOU COMPARE THAT TO THE COST OF *MAINTENANCE* ON YOUR PRESENT SYSTEM, WOULD PAY FOR ITSELF IN ABOUT A *YEAR*.

AND THAT'S ABOUT *IT*...

...OTHER THAN TO THANK YOU FOR GIVING ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO INCORPORATE THE SUGGESTIONS YOU MADE ON MY *ORIGINAL DESIGNS*...

...AND FOR GIVING ME ANOTHER CHANCE TO MAKE MY *PRESENTATION* WITHOUT GETTING *SICK* IN THE MIDDLE OF IT!*

EXCELLENT WORK, *MR. VAUGHN*. THE CONTRACT TO UPGRADE *IDIC'S* SECURITY IS *YOURS*.

*SEE ISSUE #7.

I DID IT! VAUGHN SECURITY CONSULTANTS HAS NAILED IT'S FIRST CLIENT--AT LAST!

THERE'S KEN TANAKA, MY OLD PAL FROM SHIELD WHO RECOMMENDED ME FOR THE JOB! GOTTA LET HIM KNOW THE VERDICT.

ALL RIGHT!

AN HOUR LATER, AT FOUR FREEDOMS PLAZA...

KAYLA! KAYLA! KAYLA!

BOSS--WHAT'S WRONG? DIDN'T WE--?

WE DID?!?

YIPPEEEE!

UR, AHEM, SORRY, SIR-- I JUST GOT A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY.

UH, THAT'S, UH, OKAY.

EUUU, I COME OFF SO... EAGER SOMETIMES! HE'S SUCH A BASHFUL GUY, HE'LL PROBABLY BE TOO EMBARRASSED TO TALK TO ME FOR DAYS!

SAY... IF YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING AFTER WORK TONIGHT--

--WANT TO GO OUT CELEBRATING WITH ME AND THE GUY WHO HELPED GET ME THE JOB?

HUH? OH, SURE!

THAT EVENING...

WE ARE TWO KLIKS FROM *LIBERTY ISLAND*. PREPARE TO *EVACUATE*.

I HAVE BEEN PREPARED SINCE MY EMERGENCE FROM THE *ALTERATION CHAMBER*, TECHNICIAN.

CLEAR THE HATCH. TEN SECONDS TO *DROP*.

KA-BOOM

AND...

WHEW!

I'M PICKING UP A BIG *POWER SURGE* WITHIN TEN MILES OF HERE.

SHOOT.

KAYLA, SOMETHING *URGENT* JUST CAME UP.

WH-WHAT ABOUT OUR *CELEBRATION?*

CALL *KEN TANAKA* AND TELL HIM I'LL BE A LITTLE *LATE.* THE NUMBER'S IN THE 'DEX. MEET YOU TWO AT *PEDRO'S!*

SURE.

EXIT

MOMENTS LATER, IN THE LOBBY...

WATCH THIS.

FWOOSH

HEY!

ECCBERT MESSENGER SERVICE

IT'S DA *TORCH!*

HA-HA! I DO PULL OFF A FEW GOOD ONES NOW AND THEN. WITH MY CAPE OFF AND MY JET STREAM MADE TO LOOK FIERY--

--I'LL BET ALL THOSE INNOCENT BYSTANDERS MISTOOK ME FOR ONE OF FOUR FREEDOMS PLAZA'S KNOWN TENANTS, THE HUMAN TORCH!

I'VE BEEN HOPING TO FIGURE OUT A LESS CONSPICUOUS WAY TO LEAVE THE BUILDING QUICKLY THAN FLYING OUT MY WINDOW. MAYBE THAT'S IT.

WELL, THAT'S ENOUGH BACK-PATTING FOR ONE DAY. LET ME TRY TO HOME IN ON THAT ANOMALOUS ENERGY-SOURCE.

I'M ALMOST RIGHT ON TOP OF IT! DON'T TELL ME--

--IT'S COMING FROM THE STATUE OF LIBERTY!

SURE SEEMS TO BE.

WHAT THE HECK'S THAT? A BOMB...?

WHAT--?

WTANK

VVVV

NOT A BOMB--A *TRAP!*

MY QUANTUM-BANDS ARE *STUCK* TO THIS THING--LIKE IT'S *MAGNETIC!*

COULD IT HAVE BEEN SET SPECIFICALLY FOR *ME?!?*

CAN'T HOLD ME FOR *LONG!* I'LL JUST ATTUNE--

NYAAAAH!

CHILD'S PLAY. *UTTER* CHILD'S PLAY.

AND I'VE NOT EVEN *BEGUN* MY BOMBARDMENT.

YOU HAVE SOMETHING I *WANT*, STRIPLING. SOMETHING YOU SHALL SOON *SURRENDER!*

AEHHH!

WHO THE HECK IS *THAT*? LOOKS LIKE *MODOK*-- BUT I HEARD HE WAS *DEAD*!

BESIDES, THIS *CREATURE* IS A WOMAN,--I THINK!

NO TIME TO FIDDLE ABOUT TRYING TO REVERSE THE *POLARITY* ON THIS CONTRAPTION--

--I'VE GOT TO KEEP SWATTING AWAY THOSE *PLASMA-BOLTS* OR *WHATEVER* THEY ARE!

HEY! MY REFLEXES FEEL *WAY OFF!* WHAT'S *HAPPENING* TO ME? I FEEL *WOOZY*... ALMOST LIKE I'M *DRUNK* OR SOMETHING--!

FZAZZ

NGGGUH! D-DOING SOMETHING TO MY *HEAD*...

C-CAN'T *CONCENTRATE*...

B-BODY ON *FIRE*-- G-GONNA *BLACK OUT*!!!

COMMENCE *SPECTRAL ANALYSIS* OF ENERGY-EMISSIONS OF TARGET'S QUANTUM-BANDS...

FLOOD OF DATA... DEFIES THIS UNIT'S *COMPUTATIONAL POWER.*

WITH THE TARGET'S SYNAPTIC RESPONSES IMPAIRED BY MY *NEURONIC BROADCAST*, I CAN PROCEED TO REMOVE THE POWER-OBJECTS FOR FURTHER STUDY.

BUT...

GOTTA GET... MY *WITS*... TOGETHER...

WHAT KINDA... PROTECTOR OF THE UNIVERSE...LET'S A... *SIDE SHOW FREAK*... MAKE A *DRUNKEN MONKEY*... OUTTA HIM...?

C'MON... I WAS *DRUNK* ONCE OR TWICE... 'S POSSIBLE TO *COMPENSATE* FOR IT...!

YEAH! AIM *JAVELINS*... IN EVERY *WHICH* DIRECTION... BOUND TO HIT *SOMETHING*...!

EHT

THE STRIPLING IS MORE *DETERMINED* THAN I'D ANTICIPATED.

AFTER DEFLECTING THESE PROJECTILES, I WILL HAVE TO RESET MY *SYNAPTIC DISRUPTION PATTERN* TO MAXIMIZE ITS EFFECT.

IT IS *DONE.*

NOW TO MOVE IN.

51.32°

LOCK ONTO *TARGET.*

FIRE.

BLOOM

AHHHHHGK!

NOW TO CONFISCATE THOSE *WRIST-WEAPONS!*

HSSA

HSSA

PHYSICAL PAIN... HELPING... FOCUS THOUGHTS...!

LET-- ME-- GO!

PRESSURE IN MY HEAD-- SUDDENLY LETTING UP!

GOTTA HUSTLE!

ALL RIGHT! I'M OUTTA THERE!

BWAAM

- THIS IS A WHOLE 'NOTHER BALL GAME!

VZOOM

OKAY, MA'AM--AND I USE THE TERM *LOOSELY*--NOW THAT I'M NO LONGER TRAPPED IN YOUR LITTLE *MOUSETRAP*--

--I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO *FIND*--

VZOOM

VZZTVZZ

NYAAAH!

I WILL KILL YOU FOR THAT WHELP--!

SHE'S REELING...BUT NOT UNCONSCIOUS. IF I CAN JUST LOCK ONTO HER POWER SOURCE BEFORE SHE STARTS BOMBARDING ME WITH WHATEVER WAS MAKING ME WOOZY AGAIN!

BLAST-- I FEEL THAT WEIRD TINGLE IN MY BRAIN AGAIN! WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S OUTSIDE THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SPECTRUM! GOT TO DO SOMETHING-- QUICK!

HEY, I KNOW. I DON'T SEE THAT FLYING BUCKET OF HERS EQUIPPED WITH ANYTHING IN THE WAY OF LIFE SUPPORT--

SPPPT

WHAT-- WHAT IS HE?

"--MAYBE A TRIP TO THE EDGE OF EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE WILL GET HER TOO RATTLED TO MESS WITH MY HEAD!"

MIND... SWIMMING...

L-LADY, YOU DON'T STOP WITH YOUR E-BRAIN-BLASTS, I WON'T BE ABLE TO SAVE YOU FROM SUFFOCATING...!

ALL RIGHT--SHE'S OUT OF MY HEAD AGAIN!

NOW TO WRAP HER UP IN A NICE THICK ENERGY-COCOON AND HOPE I CAN GET HER LOCKED UP IN THE VAULT BEFORE SHE RECOVERS!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

MODAM TO COMMAND. MISSION ABORTED. OVERPOWERED BY QUASAR. TAKEN TO FEDERAL VAULT. SEND RETRIEVAL TEAM. REGRETS.

DID YOU HEAR THAT? SHE'S *FAILED!*

THIS IS *NOT GOOD.*

OUR *FIRST CONTRACT* UNDER THIS ADMINISTRATION... UNABLE TO BE COMPLETED.

MODAM DID SUPPLY US WITH A *TON OF DATA* ON THOSE WRISTBANDS. PERHAPS WE COULD--

NO. IT WOULD TAKE MONTHS TO *ANALYZE* THAT DATA--MONTHS BEFORE WE COULD EVEN BEGIN TO *WORK* ON REPLICATING THE BANDS!

DO WE HAVE ANY *ALTERNATIVES--*

--OR MUST WE *RETURN* THE MONEY?

THE MONEY IS THE *LEAST* OF IT.

SLAM

I JUST HOPE WORD OF THIS...*EMBARRASSMENT* DOESN'T GET AROUND THE COMMUNITY WE ARE TRYING TO *REPOSITION OURSELVES* IN. THIS SITUATION IS *UNTENABLE*... THIS IS THE *SECOND TIME* THOSE QUANTUM-BANDS HAVE ELUDED US!

IF WE CANNOT COBBLE TOGETHER *SOMETHING* TO APPEASE OUR ALIEN CLIENTS BEFORE THE DEADLINE, WE'LL *RETURN* THEIR BLEEDING *MONEY*, BUT CONTRACT OR NO CONTRACT, THOSE QUANTUM-BANDS MUST ONE DAY *BELONG TO AIM!*

LATER THAT NIGHT, IN MIDTOWN MANHATTAN...

REALLY APPRECIATE YOU GUYS KEEPING THE *CELEBRATION GOING* TILL *I* GOT HERE!

Pedro's MEXICAN CUISINE

NO *PROBLEM*, VAUGHN. *KAYLA* AND I ARE ONLY ON OUR *FIFTH* ROUND OF FROZEN MARGARITAS AND *EIGHTH* BOWL OF CHIPS.

YOU *ARE* PICKING UP THE CHECK, AREN'T YOU, BUDDY?

SO I WAS JUST ASKING YOUR DELIGHTFUL *SECRETARY* HERE IF VAUGHN SECURITY CONSULTANTS COULD USE A *FULL-TIME DESIGNER*, NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT WORK JUST POURING IN.

WELL, I WOULDN'T CALL ONE JOB EXACTLY "POURING IN", BUT...

THE WAY YOU RUN OFF ALL THE TIME, BOSS, YOU COULD, *USE* SOMEONE WORKING STEADY.

SO...ANY IDEA WHERE I COULD FIND SOMEBODY *GOOD* WILLING TO WORK FOR SUCH A *FLEDGLING OUTFIT* AS MINE, KEN?

HE'S SITTING RIGHT AT THIS *TABLE*.

I'M TIRED OF *BIG CORPORATIONS*, THE COMPLICATED *PECKING ORDER*, THE *OLD GRIND*--I THINK IT MIGHT BE FUN WORKING FOR A *SLIM HUNGRY FIRM* WHERE I COULD REALLY MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

THE JOB'S *YOURS*! KENJIRO TANAKA, WELCOME TO VAUGHN SECURITY!

A TOAST!

KREE FOR ALL!